

CHARIVARIA.

"THE Government," said Mr. C. F. G. MASTERMAN at Stratford, "demand as much justice for the pickpocket as for the peer." We can well believe this.

MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL was much mistaken if he thought that the release of the Suffragettes would please them. Nearly all, we hear, were angry, but the most aggrieved of them was without doubt the lady who, before attending the Court, had let her house furnished for a month.

If proof were needed of the unpopularity of Form IV, it is to be found in the CHANCELLOR'S confession in the House of Commons that, out of 8,601,447 issued, no fewer than 7,000,000 have been returned to him. It surprises us to hear that anyone should want to keep them.

While the POSTMASTER-GENERAL does not see his way to adopt Mr. HENNIKER HEATON'S proposal that, in telegrams, the letters M.P. shall be charged as one word instead of two, a compromise has now been reached on the point. If the Government are returned they will introduce a measure for the payment of salaries to M.P.'s.

"Let the Unionist party give a new value and added meaning to its title," suggests D. L. B. S. in *The Observer*, "by declaring and working for a union between rich and poor, instead of class hatred." There are difficulties, of course, but the poor, we understand, are quite willing to take the rich into partnership.

Die Post announces that measures have been taken by the German military authorities to prevent the repetition of such offences as that of Lieutenant HELM by other German officers visiting England. We understand that the form these measures take is strict instructions to other officers not to be found out.

The German newspapers are annoyed

at the American fleet's avoidance of Germany. *Die Deutsche Tageszeitung* protests against its attitude of obsequious friendship to the United States, and declares that "we should in no circumstances give even the appearance of running after the Americans." Such a proceeding, in the event of war, would be obnoxious to the Americans also.

Meanwhile at Brest and Cherbourg there is considerable dissatisfaction as to the disturbances caused by the

CARTON'S play, *Eccentric Lord Chamberlene*, is to be followed by one from Mr. LAURENCE HOUSMAN'S pen, entitled *Eccentric Lord Chamberlain*.

"Never sit in damp shoes," says *Health*. As a matter of fact for years we have made it a rule never to sit in a shoe of any sort if there is a chair handy.

We thank you, O *Dublin Evening Mail*, for the following sentence in an

account of a recent concert:—"The programme throughout was an exceptionally strong one, compromising the names of some of Dublin's most talented and popular artistes."

Some of our newspapers come dangerously near spoiling their readers by their acts of generosity. For instance:—"The *Express* presents its readers to-day with a new novel feature—a display page for advertisers." And without extra charge! How can it be done?

A young lady who was charged in Paris last week with smashing the glass of a fire-alarm pleaded that her fiancé was a fireman and that she hoped to see him by this means. This, of course, is not an original scheme. CALVERLEY had the same idea when he threw a stone through the window of the Dean of Christ's.

"What we have to do," said Mr. JOHN BURNS at Battersea, "is to scotch the Lords." But we quite thought they were to be Irished.

"SALOME AT COVENT GARDEN,
BAN REMOVED

By THE LORD CHAMBERLAIN," read an old lady last week. "Well!" she exclaimed, "I should have thought her costume was already scanty enough."

A congregation of Oxford University has negated by 188 votes to 152 the proposed statute to abolish Greek for responsions, and in Constantinople the feeling against our country is more bitter than ever.



Candidate. "MAY I HOPE, MRS. SAUNDERS, THAT YOUR HUSBAND WILL SUPPORT ME—?"
Mrs. Saunders. "SUPPORT YOU! W'Y, 'E AIN'T SUPPORTED ME THE LAST SIX MONTHS!"

American tars, and the French are saying that they would never have helped the Americans to gain their independence had they known that they were going to use it like that.

There have been many worse crazes than the vogue for Pageants, and we are pleased to see that there is now an "Association for the Supply of Spectacles to London Elementary Schools."

It is rumoured that Mr. R. C.

BETWEEN NOW AND THEN.

"PEACE and good will to men?" Quite so;
 But that's for Christmas: that can wait;
 There's still a goodish time to go
 In which we're free to fight and hate;
 We've had the schedule nicely planned—
 A fortnight sees our ructions ended,
 Leaving us just a week in hand
 To get our muddy souls amended.

So let us make it our delight,
 As doth the vicious mongrel pup,
 To growl and bark and sniff and bite,
 And chew the Constitution up;
 A little hell we mean to raise
 For blighted dukes that hold, or let, land,
 Then purge our sins for seven days
 (No chance of this for poor old Shetland).

And on the night, with turkey puffed,
 We'll talk about this heathen feud—
 What made us scalp each other's tuft,
 And how we came to be so rude;
 And wonder, o'er the nuts and wine—
 Sick of the war we've just been waging—
 Why Christian Moderates can't combine
 And leave the rest to do the raging. O. S.

THE POWER OF THOUGHT.

A CASE OF POSSESSION.

Bow Street, Nov. 25.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—DR. JULIA SETON SEARS, M.D., the founder of the New Thought Church and School, U.S.A., is over here on a crusade. She expounded her views at a "small parlour audience" yesterday afternoon to a select few disciples and others. She holds that if you want a thing badly enough you get it. All you have to do is to concentrate your thoughts, visualise whatever you want to occur, and "see yourself in instant possession."

Fortified with this simple programme of procedure I determined to put it into practice at the earliest opportunity.

It occurred to me this morning, while strolling through the National Gallery, that I badly wanted ROMNEY's portrait of Lady HAMILTON.

I concentrated hard for forty seconds, and visualised the occurrence most successfully.

No sooner thought than done.

I lifted the picture off its hook and walked away with the precious acquisition under my arm, feeling really immensely grateful to Dr. SEARS. I was, however, observed by an officious attendant.

The next moment I was practically "in instant possession" of the picture, and am now waiting to be bailed out. Will the leader of the New Thought kindly think me out? The case is urgent—or rather, it is proceeding, and it will soon be too late.

(Signed) A MARTYR TO THE CAUSE,

WHEREAS the Editor of *The Calgary Daily Herald* (Alberta) has lifted from *Punch* a picture of a football crowd, and re-named it to suit local requirements; and WHEREAS he has done this without publishing any sort of acknowledgment; Now *Mr. Punch* herewith begs to make full acknowledgment on his behalf.

A ZEALOUS CONVERSION.

[*Mr. Punch* understands that the following suggestion for an election poster has been submitted to the headquarters of the Unionist Party.]

All Who Wish To
 ABOLISH THE HOUSE OF LORDS
 Must Vote for the Unionists.
 The Unionist Leaders have Pronounced
 THE DOOM OF THE HEREDITARY PRINCIPLE.
 Those Who Support ASQUITH Support
 AN EFFETE
 AND SUPERFLUOUS PEERAGE.
 Lord LANSDOWNE and Mr. BALFOUR Will
 CLIP THE PEERS' CLAWS
 * and
 DRAW THE DUKES' TEETH.

VOTE FOR [here insert name of Unionist Candidate]
 and

NO INTERFERENCE WITH BUDGETS.
 JOINT SESSIONS.
 THE POPULAR REFERENDUM.
 DESTRUCTION OF THE ARISTOCRACY.
 TRIUMPH OF THE DEMOCRACY
 and
 THE ASSURED PREDOMINANCE
 of
 THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

Whoever desires to Give
 A DEATH-BLOW TO FEUDAL PRIVILEGE
 Must

VOTE FOR [here insert name of Unionist Candidate].

NORFOLK.

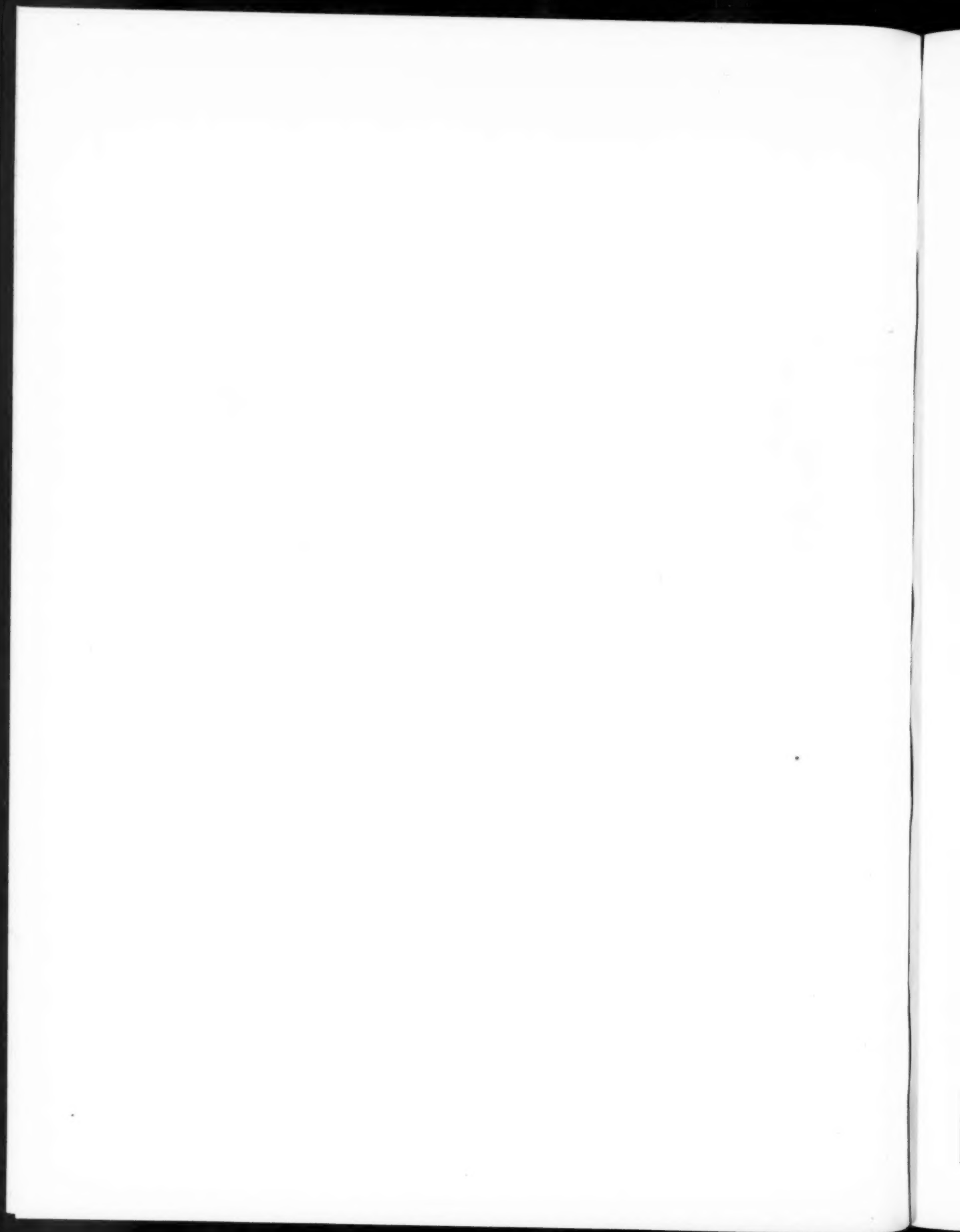
[A disrespectful postscript to some verses recently published in *The Spectator*.]

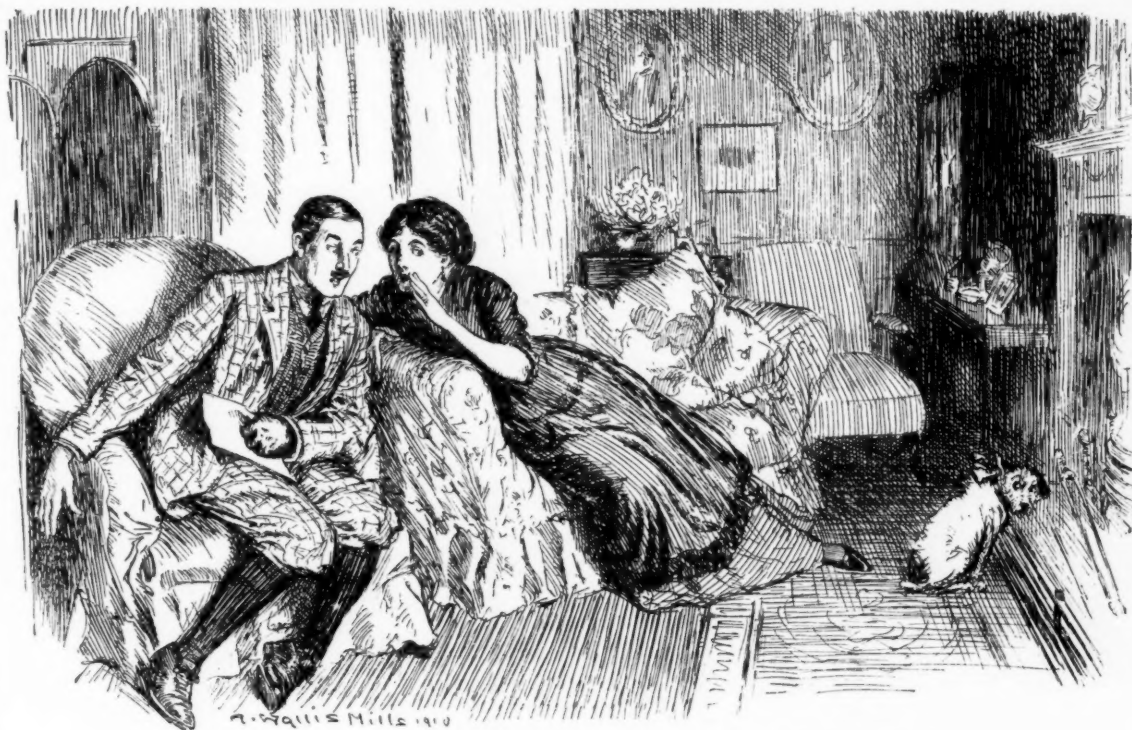
VISIONS of old that we vainly cherish,
 Dim and faint are your forms to-day,
 Ancient memories fade and perish,
 Ancient houses decay.
 Leisurely methods are out of favour,
 Cottagers follow the City mode,
 Rural odours have lost their savour,
 Speed and smell are lords of the road.
 Welcome, I ween, are the boons you offer,
 Norfolk, to those who eschew repose:
 Sporting links for the red-faced goller
 Flaunting his florid hose;
 Sands for the matutinal dippers;
 Surf where they tumble and shout and sprawl;
 Sea fronts blackened with cockney trippers,
 Raucous with strains of the music-hall.
 Here, no matter what hour you waken,
 London papers are out on sale,
 Here no hamlet, however forsaken,
 Is free from the *Daily Mail*.
 Here of yore was the home of the bustard;
 Here were the Peggotty chapters planned;
 Here to-day is the Mecca of mustard;
 Here is the centre of Bloaterland.



A PLAGUE ON BOTH YOUR HOARDINGS.

RIVAL BILLPOSTERS (*together*). "WHO SAYS TRADE'S RUINED BY THESE ELECTIONS? I LIKES 'EM!"





[“The German public has lately been regaled with tales of a talking dog.”—*Daily Press*.]

“Be careful what you are saying, dear. I feel convinced that our conversations are repeated by Pincher in the servants’ hall.”

A DINNER-TABLE TOPIC.

I HAD led her in to dinner; I had found her a chair next to myself; I had translated for her the opening bars of the *menu*; I had surrounded her with every condiment that money can buy; and still she wasn’t satisfied. She looked up from the soup and said: “Well, what do you think of LLOYD GEORGE?”

I was so startled that I upset the pepper.

“Oh, I am sorry!” I said. “Has it gone all over you? My table manners are awful, I’m afraid—in fact my family always refers to them as my stable manners. But that’s so like a family. And you had just said you wouldn’t have any pepper.” I added remorsefully, as we brushed it up. “There, that’s all right. A—a—a—*tishoo*! Have you been to many dances lately?”

She accepted my apologies, helped herself to toast, and turned brightly to me.

“Well,” she said again, “what do you think of LLOYD GEORGE?”

“Just for the moment I had forgotten about him. Won’t you try one

of these almonds? What I say is, a man either likes almonds or he doesn’t. If he does he starts at once. That,” I added, indicating the third from the end, “is a nice brown one.”

“Thank you. What’s going to happen, do you think? Shall we get this wretched Government out?”

“I wonder. I’m afraid I shan’t be able to help. I say, *isn’t* the weather being rotten?”

“You don’t mean to tell me you’re a Radical?” she said in horror.

“I most certainly *didn’t* mean to tell you. All I meant to say just then was that I hadn’t got a vote this election; there isn’t going to be a contest in my division. Wasn’t that an awful fog the other night?”

“I suppose the Radicals are afraid of fighting it,” she said scornfully.

“I expect they are a little unnerved. They got beaten by about three thousand last time. Our Unionist man had the most telling poster of the whole election. It simply said, ‘ALL GENTLEMEN ARE UNIONISTS.’ I dashed off and voted at once. . . . Have you begun to think of Christmas presents yet?”

“I was looking round the shops

yesterday afternoon. They say they will all be ruined by the action of the Government in forcing an election on the country at this time of the year.”

“You should look at it like this: What are a few shops compared with the safety of the Empire? Every day that the Government is in means a day less safety. I suppose you were at the Motor Show?”

“Of course it is certain that we shall win, isn’t it?”

“According to the papers both sides are going to win. So, whatever happens, half the Press is bound to be right. That is a solemn thought. You’ll have some pepper now, won’t you? I’ll be more careful this time.”

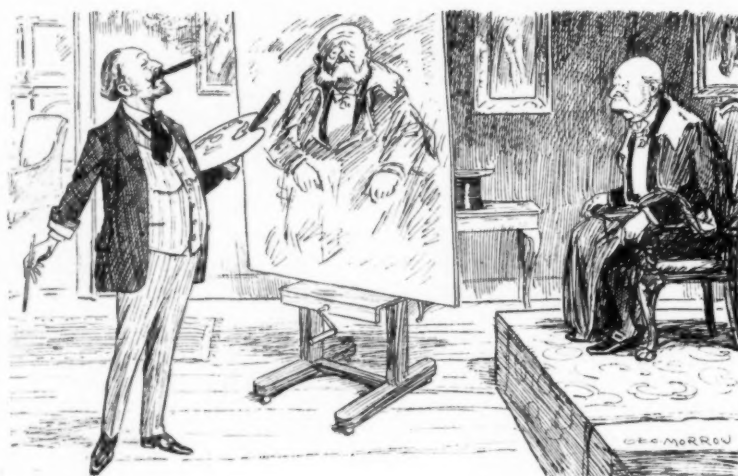
“You know, I simply cannot understand how any decent, honest man can vote for this Government.”

“Oh, where does that come from?”

“What do you say?”

“I thought it was a quotation,” I explained. “Well, you know, I’m bound to confess—we may never meet again, so it doesn’t matter—I am bound to confess that I do know one or two fairly decent Radicals. Comparatively decent.”

“And honest?”



PORTRAIT PAINTING, PAST AND PRESENT.

THE DECAY OF FLATTERY.

"The servants often leave them alone in the drawing-room for a minute or two . . . and one lends them books . . . and so on."

"I meant honest in their convictions."

"They think they are. That's as far as you can go."

"Of course, I daresay even a Socialist could be honest in his convictions—"

"Honest *between* his convictions, let us say."

"—because he does really *want* the rich man's money; but I don't see how a gentleman possibly *could* vote Radical."

"Perhaps they aren't gentlemen, then; I never know. One of them wears a top-hat, but that isn't saying much nowadays. Top-hats are so cheap, thanks to Free Trade—I mean they *will* be so cheap when Tariff

Reform comes in—I say, let's have another almond."

I had an almond, and she had something more substantial, and then we returned to the all-important subject.

"Did you read the leading article in *The Observer* last Sunday?" she asked.

"Well, I did begin it after breakfast," I said, "but I had to go out to supper, and I didn't have time to finish it. I often wonder how these writing fellows think of the things to say. Don't you?"

"How anybody after reading that could pretend to be in any doubt as to which way he ought to vote—"

"Exactly; even by the end of the ninth column or so I was in no doubt at all. But unluckily I shan't have a vote at this election. Do you know, until I heard that you had read a whole leading

article in *The Observer* right through, I wasn't really in favour of Women's Suffrage. I should like to offer you *my* vote, as it's no good to me."

She was very honest about it. "I didn't really read it right through," she confessed. "Father quoted bits at breakfast."

"Ah, I thought perhaps that was it. In instinct you women have the better of us—but in stamina, no."

"They speak of a woman's tact, too," she said, forgetting for a moment the dangerous condition of the Empire.

"I often wonder about that. For instance, if by some awful chance I had been a Radical, this evening's conversation would have been singularly embarrassing for me. But I suppose your instinct—"

"Of course! I knew you couldn't be. I take it for granted that all nice people are Unionists."

"Yes, but you don't really know that I'm nice. That's the point. Quite a short time ago I spilt the pepper over you. And I've got an elbow on the table now. Besides—"

She looked at me with wide-open eyes. I could see that she was trying to remember all that we had said.

"You're not *really*," she began in amazement—

Somebody at the opposite end of the room put in the reverse, and the conversation swung round. The man on her other side eagerly claimed her attention. The lady on my other side turned to me.

"Well," she said, "what do you think of LLOYD GEORGE?"

A. A. M.

Interesting Announcement.

A marriage has been arranged and will shortly take place between *The Chocolate Soldier* and *The Quaker Girl*. The bride will be given away by Mr. CADBURY. The best man will be the Editor of *The Spectator*, assisted by the Editor of *The Star*. We don't think.

Two consecutive advts. in *The Daily Mirror* :—

"Ask your Grocer for Free Sample of ——— Wine Powder, sufficient to make a bottle of best Port or Marsella Wine.

Drunkards Cured quickly, secretly: cost trifling; trial free."

See how the passion for wine powder grows on one. Let this be a warning.

"Then came the first goal of the match from the foot of Vizard, who jumped at the ball from a centre by Stokes and headed into the far corner of the net."—*Forkshire Post*.

We spell it Wizard.



Country Candidate. "LET'S HEAR THE PROGRAMME FOR TO-DAY AGAIN."

Agent. "CAR TO SLOTON INTERVIEW FACTORY OWNER 9.45 LOCAL BRICKLAYERS 10.10, BACK HERE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE 11.0 CAR TO MUDFORD SPEECH TO BRICKWORKS HANDS 12.0 SMOOTH DOWN MUDFORD COMMITTEE 12.30 BACK HERE FARMERS' LUNCHEON 1.15 CAR TO RIPLEY KICK-OFF FOOTBALL MATCH 2.30 REASSURE AMALGAMATED CORNDEALERS 3.15 THEN ODD JOBS CHICKWEED GROWERS' DINNER AND THREE EVENING MEETINGS BACK HERE MIDNIGHT COMPOSE SPEECHES FOR TO-MORROW."

Candidate. "RIGHTO. GOT THE PROTEIN AND CHOCOLATE! THEN COME ON!"

COMING ELECTIONS CAST THEIR SHADOW BEFORE.

"BUT we *must* have a General—all soldiers do," said Peter. "So I'll be the General."

"General what? General Post Office?" asked Margaret.

"I'll be General KITCHENER."

"An' I'll be Gen'al Lekshun," said Joan, marching round with Peter's gun on her shoulder.

"I *say*," said Norman, popping up from behind the sofa, where he had been waiting to be attacked, "I quite forgot to tell you; I heard father say at breakfast that there *is* to be an election, and before Christmas."

"Get down—don't spoil the game."

"Peter, dear, we'll put off the game; Norman has introduced something far more important," said Margaret.

"He's afraid of getting licked, that's what it is," said Peter ungraciously.

"It may not matter to you whether Uncle Bob forgets us again this Christ-

mas," said Norman, "but it jolly well does to me."

"To say nothing of the ladies," murmured Margaret.

"If people *must* put up for Parliament they ought not to make their families suffer for it."

"You mean relations," said Margaret.

"Uncle Bob hasn't any families—he isn't married, you must remember."

"Well, you know quite well what I mean, and if he was so busy last year that he forgot us, he'll be busier than ever this year and he'll forget us again, unless we do something."

"But what *can* we do?" said Peter, tossing his sword away.

A heated discussion followed. Norman was for a deputation; Peter advocated what he called a Red Robin; Joan was in favour of anything that would settle it quickly and allow them to return to the field of battle.

"No," said Margaret, "it is rude to ask for Christmas presents. I will write him a letter." And she wrote:

"DEAREST UNCLE BOB,—We are all so glad you are putting up for Slinghampton again, and we hope you get in. It seems ages since we saw you—it must be two Christmases ago. Poor Peter has had such an accident—his model steam-engine has been smashed to bits. Norman is very well. He is very keen on a model aeroplane and talks of trying to make one after Christmas if necessary. I am giving up foreign stamps for my hobby; I think of taking to painting in a month or two, if possible. Those paints in little tubes are *sweet*, I think.

Your affectionate Niece,
MARGARET.

P.S.—Dear little Joan is quite well. She can eat plain chocolate now without being a bit sick. Isn't that splendid?"

Commercial Candour.

Advt. in *The Motor Cycle*:

"We shall have all machines of any value on exhibit. Also our — Motor Cycle."

PICTURES OF LOVE.

My Bella is a charming maid,
One of the fairest of earth's creatures,
Brown eyes, brown hair, a trifle staid,
Well off, and with attractive features;
She is a thing without a taint:
The one fly in my pot of honey
Is that she thinks that she can paint;
It's very funny.

Truth is an attribute I prize;
But in the processes of wooing,
When she displayed to my shocked eyes
Some dreadful daub that she was
doing,
I praised it warmly on the spot;
I called it great—but meant to flatter;
It was a lie, but I did not
Think it would matter.

Nor did it then. But ever since
We told our love (with some emotion)
Fate has inspired her to evince
The breadth and depth of her devo-
tion
With gifts—not goods of silver, gold,
And such—not even an umbrella—
But pictures, awful to behold;
Oh, Arabella!

I have a "Spring" which makes one
creep,
"Autumn" (the trees alone are muddy),
Some things which I believe are sheep.
And something which she calls a
"Study."
"Dawn on the sands" in fleshly pink,
A pair of blue seas and a green one,
And a weird cow, which makes you
think
She's never seen one.

My humble walls were once bedight
With works of some artistic merit;
Some bought, because they pleased the
sight;
Some, I was lucky to inherit;
Those well-loved friends have vanished
now;
Others, with strange and startling
faces,
Headed by that infernal cow,
Usurp their places.

It may be, as my friends declare,
I err in being too fastidious,
But can the eye that holds her fair
See that her work is aught but
hideous?
And, tho' I try to bear in mind
The thought that love is blind, or
should be,
I am not blind—I can't be blind—
I wish I could be.

And yet, when Bella roams unchecked
About the room where hang those
pictures,
And stands, admiring the effect,
I clean forget my private strictures;

The simple fact that she is nigh
Seems to improve their aspect vastly;
It's when the artist isn't by
That they're so ghastly.
DUM-DUM.

THE INTERNATIONAL SOCIETY
OF PLASTERER PAINTERS.

(A further notice, in the manner of the gusher-
critics of the Post-Impressionist School.)

THIS delightful *exposition* might be described as a *salon de franc-tireurs* which has declared a *guerre au mort* against draughtsmanship. Here, at last, we can revel in all the *nuances* of an art untrammelled by the impedimenta of academicity. Most of the craftsmen have cut themselves free from the worship of reality, and the sapient amateur, therefore, can revel in a Gargantuan banquet of artistic *hors d'œuvre* and decadent *entremets*. I was particularly *bouleversé* by one novelty, the absence of frames, the necessity for which up to the present has been an *idée fixe* with the pot-boilers. This *nouveauté*, with the triangularity of nearly all the canvases, added greatly to the charm of the collection.

238. "*Fog in a Coal Mine*," by A. D'Aubergne, though catalogued as an *esquisse*, almost possesses the attributes of the *grande machine*. Marked by frank reticence and well-considered tonality, the *peinture* gives forth a satisfactory colour appeal; the two coal trucks glooming through the murk are full of pendulous limpidity.

29. "*Madame de B—and Daughters*," by M. Fou, a *capo di opera* in this master's best vein, is replete with subtle feminality and *clairvoyant* coquetry. The central figure, *la mère*, asserts itself by the masterly way in which her *eau de Nil cheveux* are touched in. With one bejewelled hand (I think it is a hand) resting on the head of her daughters, she combines the *sveltes* *traits* of the greyhound with the more ruminating maternity of the *cache*. The *chiaroscuro* is well considered, and the *essayage* strikes the *juste milieu* between decadence and art.

349. "*Bethnal Green in Flood Time*," by Miss Slade, is not so *sérieuse* a symphony as one would expect from her brush. The reverberations of the chimney stacks in the overflow from the gas works are void of colour music and are also too full of nervous line, and the fact that, for some occult reason, the picture has been hung *à l'envers* obliges one to view it from a somewhat inconvenient pose.

268. "*The Model's Siesta*," by Herr Johann, is a daring *étude* full of subtle

appas, by the pioneer of the tessellated school. The recumbent figure posed in front of the lectern is imagined with audacity, and the dislocations of the right shoulder admirably foreshortened. The flesh tints, though, are not sufficiently *grisaille*, which, added to the fact that the drawing of the hands is indicated, fills me with the misgiving that Herr Johann is becoming a renegade and is pandering to the uncultured taste of the many who demand reality in art.

A SUPER-DIAMOND WEDDING.

[M. FERDINAND DUGRÉ, who wrote plays produced between 1835 and 1875, and Mme. DUGRÉ have just celebrated in Paris the seventieth anniversary of their wedding day. M. DUGRÉ is ninety-five years of age and his wife ninety-two. The *Petit Journal* has invented the expression "radium wedding" to denote this unusual occurrence. To silver, golden and diamond weddings, presents in those respective metals are appropriate, but here we must draw the line.]

A Radium Wedding's the latest
advance—
It hails from the home of marital
romance
And twentieth-century science—that's
France.

O the radiant smiles, we can guess
how they play
Round the features of M. and Mme.
DUGRÉ
Faisant noce in their nonagenarian
way.

But one little protest we'd like to
make known
To persistent and elderly friends of
our own
Who are trying to match such a Darby
and Joan!

We can't—times are harder than ever
—present
Any radium tribute to mark the event,
As our last ready million was long
ago spent.

Chronological Inexactitude.

Mr. Punch finds that a series of misprints which appeared in his last issue under the heading "Hot Effort by *The Weekly Times*" ought to have been credited to *The Evening Times*. He hopes that both papers will please pardon him.

Reading that Bournemouth is substituting the over-head for the conduit system of electric trams, a pedestrian over whom a Panhard passed the other day writes to suggest that a still more pressing desideratum is an efficient substitute for over-head motor cars.



Caller (to little Daughter of the House). "HULLO, DEAR, WHERE ARE YOU OFF TO?"

Daughter of the House. "I'M JUST GOING UP TO WATCH MARIE DO MOTHER'S HAIR."

Caller. "OH, DEAR! THEN I'M AFRAID WE SHAN'T BE ABLE TO SEE YOUR MOTHER."

Daughter of the House. "OH, YES, YOU'LL FIND HER DOWN THERE IN THE DRAWING-ROOM."

MUSIC AND POLITICS.

THE political crisis and the pending election are variously regarded by singers, instrumentalists, and concert-givers. Some take a pessimistic view of the situation and resign themselves to a period of inactivity, while others evince a laudable desire to rise to the occasion and turn their talents to party or patriotic uses. Thus Mr. Otho Dithers has composed a song cycle entitled "*Rex Dollarusus*," with which he intends to tour in the Unionist interest, while Mr. Widgey Biffin, an ardent and uncompromising Radical, has written a striking ballad entitled "*The Idle Plutocrat*," of which the first verse runs as follows:—

"Meet, O meet me in the gloaming
When the bloom is in my blood,
When the salt sea waves are foaming
And the Lords are in the mud."

Another extremely interesting musical product of the crisis is an illuminated symphony which Mr. Josef Quarterburn has composed and dedicated to

Lord LANSDOWNE. The "programme" is furnished by the formula which appeared in last Friday's *Westminster Gazette*, and may be here reproduced:—

"The Lansdowne policy may best be stated in a mathematical formula in which the various letters represent the unknown quantities:

Let h = hereditary peer,
 h' = hereditary peer *ex officio*,
 p = person chosen from outside,
 m = member of House of Commons.

Then
House of Lords (New Style) = $xh + yh' + zp$

If the two Houses differ, then a joint Session is to be held, the members of which would be:

$$\frac{xh + yh' + zp}{a} + \frac{670m}{b}$$

where a and b are indeterminate and unknown divisors."

Each of the quantities will be represented by a separate motive, while the Joint Session will be treated as a *Presto strepitoso* with a grand coda typifying the Referendum. Mr. Quarterburn has already completed the opening section, *maestoso assai*, in which the motive of

the hereditary peer is assigned to a muted trombone.

Finally Mr. HAROLD BEGGIE, inspired by his conversation with Mr. LLOYD GEORGE on the "national peril" of Tory snobbishness, is to rewrite the old topical song, "*The Galloping Snob*," under the title of "*The Motoring Snob*." The same gifted lyrist will also furnish a new song called "*Free Trade in a Tea-cup*," dedicated to Lord DEVONPORT.

"Even the best friends of the R.A.C. can hardly refrain from saying that the club 'Journal' has from first to last been as dry as ditchwater."—*The Westminster Gazette*.

Water, water everywhere
And never a drop of wet!

"Seventy guests lunched at Leicester round one of the dials of the great clock which is being built for the Royal Liver Insurance Company's new offices."—*Eastern Daily Press*.

On such an occasion the most dyspeptic guest could safely let himself go.



Men of the World (lighting up). "We'll 'AVE TO GIVE IT 'EM, I EXPECT, CHARLIE!"

STARVATION FOR PEGASUS.

Ye tradesmen of England, who hear with dejection
The partisan shouts and the bellicose trumps,
On whose weary shoulders this plaguy Election
Has superimposed the most heavy of humps—
Good fellows, I echo your piteous cry;
You're losing your trade—so am I.

Time was when my Pegasus soared in a flighty
Career that confounded the aeroplane;
But now, overcome by a *tedium vite*,
He sticks to the earth and won't flutter again.
It isn't caprice or an obstinate mood;
It's simply a question of food.

In those happy days, now regrettably ended,
When statesmen were shorn of their freedom of speech,
Consigned to quiescence while eight supermen did
Their best to repair the political breach,
The papers would furnish my epicure steed
Each day with the daintiest feed.

He browsed with delight on those curious topics
On which their unoccupied space they'd bestow—
Those pars on the hobble-skirt, modes in the tropics,
The KAISER and ROOSEVELT, the CENSOR and Co.;
When finished with these, and desirous of more,
He nibbled a bit at Form IV.

But these airy trifles, these delicate soufflés
Are now superseded by stoddier things,
And Pegasus, sullenly stamping his hoof, lays
Aside his high spirit and draggles his wings.
Election addresses *will* stick in his chest,
Manifestos he *cannot* digest.

Desponding, despairing, I ransack the journals
In search of a morsel to tickle his void;
But naught can I find that will suit his internals;
Meanwhile I must herd with the poor unemployed.
So off with the motley and on with the sack,
And ashes *ad lib.* for the hack!

"Besides the coats and skirts, there are some three thousand odd satin petticoats in 151 different shades, which should prove an inestimable boon to the girl who is contemplating a busy dance season or a round of country house visits."—*The Standard*.
We don't know much about these things, but we should have thought that 2,937 satin petticoats, not necessarily odd, in 148 different shades would have been quite enough.

Topical Irish Joke.

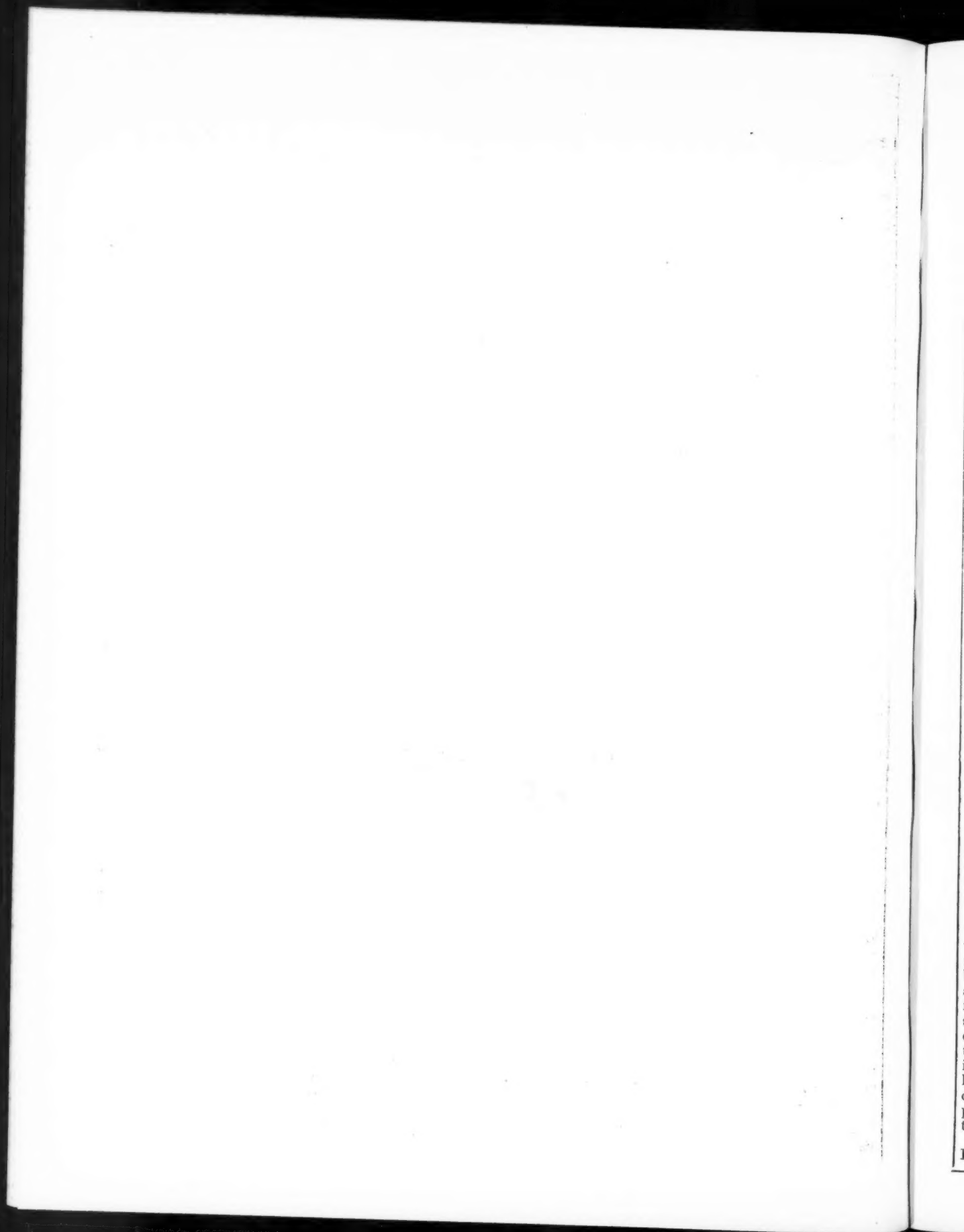
Teacher. What country is called the Land of Song?
Bright Boy. The Canary Islands.

"POPULARISATION OF TRICITELECY."—*Yorkshire Observer*.
They must hurry up—we had never even heard of it.



DISOWNED OR DISARMED?

LORD LANSDOWNE (*Reformer*). "LOOK HERE, MY GOOD MAN, THERE'S NO PLACE FOR YOU IN MY SCHEME."
"BACKWOODS" PEER. "OH, I SAY, YOU'RE WORSE THAN ASQUITH; HE SAYS I MAY STAY ON IF I DON'T INTERFERE. DASHED IF I SHAN'T HAVE TO THROW THE FULL FORCE OF MY INFLUENCE ON THE RADICAL SIDE AT THESE ELECTIONS."



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Lords, Monday, Nov. 21.—No one observing LANSDOWNE entering the House this afternoon would suspect him of having a card up his sleeve, much less a dirk in his hose. Well groomed, smiling, courteous, he took his seat as if things were likely to go forward in customary humdrum style. Reviewing events by light of final conflagration one recalls a swift look from under lowered eyelids comprehending His Majesty's Ministers on bench opposite, all unconscious of coming doom.

House crowded in every quarter. Unionist Peers finding no room on their own side crossed floor, redressing the balance between Ministerialists and the Opposition. Gave the ordinarily desolate quarter quite a comfortable appearance. From the galleries, on this occasion reserved exclusively for Peeresses, bright eyes rained influence. Some wives from whom no secrets are hid probably knew that mischief was afloat. Came down to see it launched. Black frocks imposed by LORD CHAMBERLAIN's edict gave funereal appearance to a portion of the stately Chamber which at other times blossoms like the rose.

For a while business went forward on ordered lines. Last week Opposition insisted upon having what is officially known as the Parliament Bill, more popularly the Veto Bill, brought in. Expected Government would refuse, on ground that since Dissolution is fixed for the 28th there would be no time to debate so important a measure. Possibly that had been original intention. By afterthought Cabinet decided Bill should forthwith be brought in, read a first time, second reading taken this week. This embarrassing for Opposition. Electioneering purposes much better served if able to say a tyrannical Government had withheld from House of Lords opportunity of discussing measure proposing to revolutionise its constitution.

Noble Lords on Front Opposition Bench were not born yesterday, or even

the day before. For the game of tactics they number among them some of our oldest, ablest parliamentary hands. It would never do to throw out on second reading a Bill introduced at their urgent request. Introducing it CREWE stipulated that, since there would be no time for amending it before came the Dissolution with exigent shears and slit the thin-spun thread of the life of

lude customary conclusion by motion for its rejection. Whilst this was awaited, LANSDOWNE, literally stiffening his back, raising his voice, quickening his utterance, moved adjournment of debate till Wednesday, when, he announced, he would submit a series of Resolutions.

These, subsequently read, were found to embody alternative scheme of reform of the Second Chamber in substitution of that provided by Government measure.

Not even in succession of surprises that has marked growth of crisis since Parliament resumed its sittings has there been anything so dramatic as this. CREWE actually gasped for breath. Good KING GEORGE, confronted by the mystery of the apple enclosed in the seamless dumpling, was not more taken aback.

Almost expected to hear the flustered inquiry reported by PETER PINDAR, "What's this? What's this? What? What?"

Instinctively observing parliamentary formula, CREWE falteringly said, "I do not rise to oppose the noble Marquis, but I do not understand the nature of the proceeding he contemplates."

"What I propose to do this evening," LANSDOWNE replied, with courtliness foreign to his habit, "is to move the adjournment of the debate."

Which he forthwith did, and so shunted into space the Veto Bill.

Business done.—Lord LANSDOWNE prepares little surprise for His Majesty's Ministers.

House of Commons, Tuesday.—The shadow of Dissolution, thickened by November fog, falls heavily on House. Contrast of appearance of Chamber this afternoon with scene of last Friday marks illimitable difference.

Then thronged with multitude of excited Members. To-day benches almost empty. Members altogether listless. For all practical purposes their tale is told, their task is done. House of Commons no longer hub of political universe. Those who remain in town in obedience to frantic Whips are chiefly composed of Members who do not mean to offer themselves for reelection, or whose seats are so secure that they need not hurry off to fence



Oh! (Mr.) LAW!

Mrs. Tariff Reformer. "What! Not to go out to-day, either! Oh, Bonar! I believe you're ASHAMED of ME! You said I should have such a lovely time in Manchester—'taxes everywhere,'—and here I am cooped up in this miserable hotel and hardly allowed out at all!"

Mr. Bonar Law. "Well, you know, it really isn't my fault! Look here, I'll tell you what, I'll try and let you out after the declaration of the Poll!"

Parliament, the Lords must vote "content" or "Non-content" on question that the Bill be read a second time.

Here was opportunity, and LANSDOWNE suddenly, unexpectedly leaping aside from the track along which he had jogged for half-an-hour, seized it.

CREWE moved second reading in speech to whose temperate tone LANSDOWNE paid tribute. LEADER OF OPPOSITION followed, criticising measure in familiar fashion that seemed to pre-

them about. For the rest their hearts are with their constituents, their hearts are not here. They want to be out and about, telling it in the boroughs, telling it in the counties, telling it in Tottenham Court Road.

Only BUTCHER (J. G.) rises above influence of tyrant circumstance. Remains to make one last protest against conduct of iniquitous Government. Has discovered that Form IV., fallen like a hailstone on English homesteads, is withheld from hapless Ireland.

"Why should this be?" he sternly asks, with glittering eye fixed on trembling CHANCELLOR OF EXCHEQUER.

Here is a Government professedly sympathetic with Ireland, insistent that its people shall in all respects be treated on footing of equality with the Saxon. Of course, what really is the case is that Ministry blench at the nod of their Master just back from the United States, shudder in their shoes when they hear the jingle of his many dollars. Any way you like to put it here is the unmistakable fact: whilst Form IV. is lavishly distributed throughout pampered England, Ireland, Cinderella of the Empire, is deliberately ignored.

"Why should Ireland wait?" exclaims BUTCHER, a tear of sympathy coursing down his still youthful cheek.

Presses point home in slightly varied phrase through a dozen questions. Having finally floored CHANCELLOR OF EXCHEQUER, makes off with light foot-step for York to renew his triumph of a year ago.

Business done.—Budget Bill read second time without debate or division. PRIME MINISTER tackled two delicate controversies. Informed Labour Members that under certain conditions he will next Session relieve pressure of Osborne Judgment upon Trade Unions.

"Blow your conditions!" Labour Members shout in chorus.

Next undertook in New Parliament (which he persistently assumes he will lead) to give effective opportunity for discussing Woman's Suffrage Bill. Lovely woman declines to stoop to folly of discussion. What she wants is an Act of Parliament. By way of retort courteous to PREMIER'S concession she hunts him from Downing Street to sanctuary at Athenæum Club, mobs ST. AUGUSTINE BIRRELL, beats his hat down over his



"OFF TO YORK."

"Having finally floored Chancellor of the Exchequer."

MR. J. G. BUTCHER.

intellectual brow, and leaves him on the sick-list.

The ladies desire it should be known that if these arguments do not prove convincing there are plenty more of same kind in stock. At any cost they are resolved to demonstrate their capability and suitability for taking active part in the direction of public affairs.

Friday.—House of Lords adjourned yesterday after passing without division

what JOHN MORLEY sweetly calls "their schoolboy scheme" of Reform proffered as alternative to Government Veto Bill. Commons also had arranged to adjourn and thus anticipate Prorogation and Dissolution by a few days. But, echo of an historical lapse of memory, the House "forgot" REES. On Monday JACK-IN-THE-BOX, popping up to some point of order, thought he might as well jump over to Opposition benches and there find new seat. This he did, amid good-humoured raillery of old political friends.

"Let them laugh who win," he murmured, as he surveyed faces of the mocking crowd.

Yesterday business of session and, as it happens, of Parliament, finished. PREMIER moved that at its rising House adjourns till Monday. This DON'T KEIR HARDIE'S positive last chance. Interposed with long screed denouncing police for conduct towards "law-abiding and God-fearing citizens," who have for some weeks kept South Wales in state of terror. WINSOME WINSTON having replied, BRADY followed, proposing to discuss cognate subject of habits of Dublin Constabulary.

Now chance of JACK-IN-THE-BOX. House almost literally empty. Survey of Reading-rooms, Smoking-rooms and Library showed them deserted. Returning, he moved a count. Only 36 Members responded to call of the Bell. Sitting broken up and to-day's gathering made necessary to manifold discomfort of all concerned.

Business done.—Adjourned till Monday.

House of Lords, Monday.—Parliament prorogued. Ceremony immediately followed by Dissolution.

"PUBLIC NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that, at the Nomination of Candidates for the Office of Mayor, the following Gentlemen were nominated, namely:—

JOHN GALT.

THOMAS MACGIBBON.

1 Bay COLT, 5yrs. by Kentucky Yet (broken to saddle).

1 Bay Hackney MARE."

Mulcahy Easig.

The competition, owing chiefly to the sudden nomination of the last candidate, is unusually severe.

The season for applying for licences for Theatres and Music Halls is now upon us. The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER has seen to it that, anyhow, the Paragon Music Hall gets as much licence as it can do with.



"Lor lumme! Yer sh'd see me knock 'em in the Mile En' Rahd!"



First Golfer. "WHAT'S THAT CHAP'S HANDICAP, I WONDER!"

Second Golfer. "GREEN CHAÎTEUSE!"

ONE.

BY TRICKS.

[A modest attempt at the sincerest flattery of Mr. SEYMOUR HICKS.]

LOOKING back on my strange mercurial life the most striking thing is the extraordinary number of men I have known, all of whom had at once the wittiest tongues in England and were my very dearest friends. Try as I might I have never succeeded in knowing a dull man or disliking anyone.

As everyone knows—since one must either get on or get out, and one can get on only by advertising—I am a man whose pores work very easily. The other day I was lunching with my dear old friend Plantagin, the dramatist. He noticed me wipe my brow several times, and then he remarked, "Tricks, old boy, you ought to re-name yourself Lieutenant Sudor."

It was about this time that I first met that prince of good fellows and author of some of the most delightful *bons mots*, Charlie Wintry, the comedian, now my closest pal. He was the maddest wit and the joy of the Paregoric Club, to which I had just been elected. Seeing me enter its hospitable portals one day, he said, "Hullo, Tricks, old boy, it's all over the town!" "What

is?" I inquired. "The sky," he replied. He was always saying brilliant things like that, to the discomfiture of matter-of-fact people who did not think in lightning flashes, as he does.

Apropos of good stories, I remember an irascible pork butcher who had by some means got into the Pullman car in which TOOLE, IRVING, GARRICK, Mrs. BRACEGIRDLE, BURBAGE, I and some others were going down to Brighton one Sunday not so long since. That type of man always excited BURBAGE to do his best, and he tipped us the wink. "Good morning, Sir," he said. "I have just been informed by the guard that there is no stop before we reach the Queen of Watering Places." "Of course there isn't," said the stolid merchant. "Why should there be? This is a non-stopping express." "Do you know why?" BURBAGE asked, with the same incomparable gravity. "No? Then I'll tell you: Because there's a 'b' in 'both'!" By this time we were all convulsed; but not so the pork butcher, who moved angrily into the next car.

Sam Boaker, the manager, is, I am proud to say, one of my very best of friends, and has been ever since we first met. The wittiest of men, I never heard anything fall from his lips but

delightful sentiments and the finest thoughts. I remember once that we were walking on the Brighton Front. It was just after the police had had to be called in to his theatre owing to a row in the pit; I forget about what. He had suffered accordingly, and was not a little sore about it. When, therefore, a beggar stopped him and asked if he could spare a copper there is no wonder that he replied: "Spare a copper, my good man! Why, I could spare the whole Force!" which was, I think, one of the neatest *répliques* on record.

What my future plans may be I cannot at this moment state, but the public is hardly likely to be long in doubt. Meanwhile there is a little lawsuit trouble about *Richard III.*, so I think I'll stop this autobiographical caper and attend to it.

"The eclipse of the moon on Wednesday evening was eagerly viewed here. In a perfectly clear sky it presented a magnificent spectacle, and it is wonderful how accurately it was timed to take place."—*Border Standard*. Dashed clever fellows, those astronomers.

"CHRISTMAS DATES ARRIVE," says *The Daily News*, but the announcement is premature.

AT THE PLAY.

"ECCENTRIC LORD COMBERDENE."

At the end of the First Act it was darkly whispered by one or two critics, enjoying privileged information, that Mr. CARTON was giving us a travesty of a shilling shocker. In the interval after the Second Act the secret was in the possession of quite a number of people, and the fear was generally expressed that the ruder intelligences would fail to grasp the subtlety of it all. What the average man could make out unaided was this: That here was a play with a rather improbable and loosely-woven plot (not an uncommon thing in the legitimate drama); with a lot of secret conversation liable to be overheard (also a not unusual feature of the ordinary play); and with some very refreshing wit in the less lurid sections of the dialogue. If these are the right characteristics of a shilling shocker, then Mr. CARTON is an excellent parodist. But, of course, the only resemblance lay in the absurdity of the construction, and, perhaps, in one or two trifling eccentricities in the character of Lord Comberdene, who served as a kind of showman to point out the author's intentions.

I should have thought that if you are going to burlesque a novelette you should try and burlesque it all through. You can't combine a plot out of *The Family Herald* with dialogue of the first water. "Has he a wife?" "Not one of his own." Is this the sort of thing you look for in melodrama from across the bridges? And, to increase the inconsistency, some of the characters who were asked to do the most farcical things were perfectly reasonable between times; for example, *Joseph Radburn*, impossible as a criminal, was altogether probable and consistent as a hotel conversation-fiend. I really think that the people who enjoyed the play best were those who took it as pure melodrama, and did not worry themselves about the author's scheme. Certainly the enthusiasm was most spontaneous at the point where the hero outwits the villains and locks them up in the room they had meant to burgle.

All the same, I have a sneaking admiration for Mr. CARTON's enterprise. Anything for a fresh idea, if it only means the revival of an art long lost to the regular stage.

Mr. GEORGE ALEXANDER as Lord Comberdene was very happily suited, and seemed to enjoy himself. But

then he had known all the time what the author was trying to get at. He was too generous to keep the knowledge to himself, and confided now and again to our dull ears that he was supposed to have the makings of a melodramatic hero. Miss COMPTON was irresistibly solid, but I wish she had been given a few more good things on which to employ her captivating drawl. Miss RITA JOLIVET was clever and piquante as a Grand Duchess masquerading as a maid, and Mr. LYSTON LYLE in the part of *Joseph Radburn*, arch-criminal, was so admirable when he assumed the disguise of a harmless prattler that I recommend him to give up the primrose path of crime and settle down as a virtuous bore.



GETTING THE MAIN SHEET INTO A KNOT.

Lord Comberdene ... MR. GEORGE ALEXANDER.
Lady Glenmoray ... MISS COMPTON.

Captain Clamp, on the other hand, (played easily by Mr. BARNES) had no occasion to disguise himself, and was just *Captain Clamp* all through—a tough and villainous sea-dog who stuck at nothing and did not trouble his head about finesse.

The deck of *Comberdene's* yacht, *The Morning Star*, was the best deck I remember to have seen on the stage.

O. S.

Commercial Candour.

"This *Dynamo* was thoroughly overhauled some little time ago, and has not worked since."

From a Malta programme:—

"N.B. Felice Scioccamocœa will punish with a pound sovereign who does non laugh."

A similar threat from some of our musical-hall stars should draw thousands.

TO ARAMINTA.

(Who suddenly proposes a meeting to-morrow after a separation of several years.)

Ah! no, Araminta, 'twere better
To leave the affair as it was—

Myself in the merciless fetter
Of Cupid (because

You refused me) and you with the
memory sad

Of one who—how silly—

On grass that was chilly

Knelt down at your feet and proposed
—an absurd undergrad.

Let us probe not the past nor awaken
The power of the slumbering spell,
But leave me to languish forsaken—

I do that so well;

For I doubt if I know how to greet
you and grin

With the air that romances

Prescribe and your fancies

Expect of a party that's seething
with passion pent in.

Or leave me a month or two longer

To learn the appropriate mien

Of a love that has hourly grown
stronger,

While winters between

Have swept with their storms; let
me study the works

Of the pens that exhibit

Poor souls on the gibbet,

But doing their best to be ca-
the difficult cires.

For it's not that I fear, Araminta,
That (careless of whether it
snows)

I shall sprawl at your feet and
imprint a

Chaste kiss on your toes,

Or shall whack myself (wild with
the heat of my mood)

A terrible punch on

My chest after luncheon;

I never take exercise now on the
top of my food.

But, unless you can grant me a trifle

Of studious ease to prepare

The pose of a heart that must stifle

Its passionate air,

You may fancy perhaps from the cool-
ness I show

That a heart you had busted

For ever (you trusted)

Has somehow got mended—and that
will annoy you, I know. EVOE.

"Two women were fined 40s. or 14 days for
throwing stones at Mr. John Burns's residence,
and missing."—*Western Morning News*.

We must have Efficiency.

"To appreciate — Whisky one trial is
enough."—*Advt. in "Daily Telegraph."*
Once bit twice shy, as they say.



A CURE FOR OLD AGE.

First Sportsman. "I WONDER YOU RIDE A BRUTE LIKE THAT AT YOUR TIME OF LIFE, JACK!"

Second ditto. "KEEPS ONE YOUNG, DON'T YOU KNOW."

First ditto. "LIKELY TO PREVENT YOUR GETTIN' OLD, ANYWAY."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

MR. EDEN PHILLPOTTS is so accomplished and versatile a writer that sooner or later one knew he would write a fairy story for children. I must confess, however, to being a little disappointed by the result—*The Flint Heart* (SMITH ELDER)—for it has faults both of matter and of manner; and those of manner I had most fervently hoped were obsolete. I refer to the clever sophisticated asides of the author, in a story that ought to be wholly and singleheartedly addressed to the young. Mr. PHILLPOTTS should be peculiarly able to resist this temptation since he has such a large purely grown-up public. As for the faults of matter, they are chiefly due to a complex rather than a simple scheme, and extend even to the creation of a pixy named *Thomas de Quincey*, and to an imbroglio in the domain of frogs not too unlike our own political crisis. But the first part of the book and the controlling idea is excellent, and I wish that no fairy had ever been let in, Mr. PHILLPOTTS being so peculiarly a writer about human beings.

I think that VIOLET PEARN was ill advised to introduce a cricket match so early into *Separate Stars* (MURRAY), especially as it has so little to do with the plot of the book.

"As he spoke Roger lifted his bat" (this was how the game ended), "the ball smashed through the air over the fielders' ducking heads; it was the third six of a magnificent innings. The match was won for the Gunners with two wickets and thirty seconds to spare." After that I should, if I had been the printer, have placed a whole row of stars. But as a matter of fact the contest which forms the theme of the novel is that of Art v. Love in the soul of a woman prevented by circumstances from realising her own considerable talent. *Joan Pellew* marries a gay officer (the *Jessor* alluded to above) and when he dies still hopes to see her ambition fulfilled in the genius of her son. When he turns out to be a painter of brilliant technique but no grandeur of inspiration, she sets to work in despair to learn again the craft she has almost forgotten. Both the matter of the story and the manner of its telling improve considerably in the later stages, and the childhood of *Maurice* and the characters of *Lady Julia Harcastle*, with whom he falls in love, and of the artist who falls in love with his mother in her widowhood, make up for the rather wooden portraiture and style with which the book begins. But I am glad that *Maurice* did not take to cricket like his father, and cut sixes through the shrinking chests of third man and second slip.

It all depends on whether you have outgrown your taste for Polperro Rock. You remember the stuff? Made by

Uncle Polperro (FISHER UNWIN). Anyhow, it was a sort of illustrated sweetmeat ("Bite where you like and there's always a picture in the middle," as Mr. ALPHONSE COURLANDER takes care to remind you), made of a combination of three simple ingredients, boiled sugar, gelatine, and liquorice. What is more, this ingenuous Rock enabled Mr. Polperro to retire from business and purchase the title-deeds of Bongoland from a kind of confidence-trick man, by name *M. Jenairien*; and if you study that name closely you will realise to the full the trustfulness of Mr. Polperro's character. By his successful manufacture of confectionery Mr. Polperro brought happiness to thousands of children without impairing their digestion; and his failure to become the self-made President of the Republic of Bongoland spells bliss, I gather, to those two other children, *Jemifer*, his niece, and *Charles Hastable*, his hard-up medical nephew. More than a third of the book is occupied with an account of the voyaging of the would-be Republicans from London to Bongoland on board the *Dje-mi-méh* (so readily does Mr. COURLANDER appreciate the humour of names), and the vessel is commanded by *Captain Snack*, the most saccharine sea-dog who ever conducted a mutiny, and a gelatine mutiny at that. As a make-weight *Lord Aveling* is thrown in. He is a peer who takes unconventional holidays. "In London," he says, "do you think I could go into a cheap restaurant without losing half my friends?" And it is in the disguise of a mate that he ships under the unsuspecting *Snack*. There is no lack of boiled sugar in this story, but I was not in the least fed up.

I cannot help feeling a little sorry for *Carfax*, into whose mouth Mr. "JANE WARDLE" has placed his story, *The Little Gray Man*

(ARNOLD), because he suffered from such inefficient stage-management that—to get the information which his rôle required—he was everlastingly hiding in cupboards, dodging round corners, and placing his ear to keyholes. Still, I am not concerned to say that either my excuses, or those which he made so lavishly for himself, leave him a desirable creature. In the race for the iniquity-stakes, however, he was a very bad second to *Mandevil*, who was so incredibly vicious that I regarded him more as a globule of concentrated wickedness than as a human being. Possibly the author gains some piquancy from the way in which he has chosen to tell his tale; nevertheless, should any budding novelist be thinking of writing in the first person, I do not hesitate to recommend this book as a warning. Let me add that it also contains several distinct thrills, and that—since the innocent ulti-

mately wax rich and multiply, while suicide disposes of *Mandevil*, and *Carfax* reports himself in debt and "in a beastly thirty-pound-a-year villa in Tottenham"—it emphasises the danger of being either a criminal or a cad.

When an author, still more when an authoress, sets about to tell a pretty story of rustic love in a rose-garden, of white cottages, of sunny orchards, and of a fairy god-mother in modern dress, it is always a matter of touch and go whether the written word be one of sweet simplicity or laboured affectation. Once, indeed, ANNIE E. HOLDSWORTH (Mrs. LEE-HAMILTON, that is) touched and

went, for she told the critic that through the open door of a church "the scent of newly mown hay wandered in hand in hand with the summer day," and the critic laughed at the idea of it. For the rest, when he laughed, he laughed with her at the quaintness of the country carrier and the town-bred smartness of Mrs. Pratt-Thompson; and, when the loves of pretty Ruth and proud Roger did not go well for all the legacies of Miss Madden, the sentiment was very touching and the pathos never too pathetic. There were, moreover, Mrs. Cartwright, stern mother of Roger and outspoken old gossip, and some other village bodies, happy protégées of Ruth; there were the amiable gentry, even an intellectual or two, and on the whole the critic has no reason or desire to suggest that, for delicacy of taste and lightness of touch, the substance of the book is a whit inferior to its title, *The Little Company of Ruth* (METHUEN).

When I was about ten I narrowly missed a black eye from a youth of eleven because I gave away the plot of a Henty before the excited

young pugilist had had time to read it. I am not, therefore, going to let the cat out of the bag in respect of Mr. HERBERT STRANG's book, *The Adventures of Dick Trevanion* (FROWDE AND HODDER AND STOUGHTON). I will say merely that there are smugglers in it, and excisemen, and caves, and privateers, two young heroes, a first-class villain, and regular top-hole adventures. Let those take note who are prospecting for Christmas gifts.

The *Western Morning News* prints Mr. F. E. SMITH as follows:

"Little fleas have smaller flats upon their backs to bith them; Smaller fleas had lesses fleas, and so on ad infinitum. (Laughter.)"

This is hard on Mr. SMITH, but it is also unfair to the big flea, who gets left out altogether.



Countryman (giving the benefit of his greater experience). "WHEN THE COVE T'OTHER END SAYS, 'BE EE THERE, JAEGE?' YOU SAYS 'YES' OR 'NO,' AS THE CASE MID BE."